

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXIV. No. 2264

London  
November 15, 1944



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LONDON  
NOVEMBER 15, 1944

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXIV. No. 2264



Harlip

## Cipher Officer in the W.R.N.S.: Lady Elizabeth Scott

Lady Elizabeth Scott joined the Women's Royal Naval Service in March, 1942, and received her commission last August. For four months last year she served as a Wren coder on a troop transport, going and coming across the Atlantic, and is now serving as a cipher officer. She is the elder of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's two daughters, and a niece of the Duchess of Gloucester. Her only brother, Lord Dalkeith, is a lieutenant in the Navy.





# WAY OF THE WAR

## By "Foresight"

### Record

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT has smashed all precedents in the history of the United States by his re-election for a fourth term. Historians will doubtless refer to this remarkable period of American affairs as the Roosevelt dynasty. Never before has a President remained in the White House for so many years. Never before has one man been able to maintain such a stability in political administration in that great country.

If nothing else, the election shows that the people of the United States appreciate and are anxious to maintain a policy of continuity. This is something new in a country which in the past is supposed to have liked change for

the sake of change, and has always been assumed to prefer new faces to old. Mr. Tom Dewey tried to lure voters to the Republican side by promising that if he were elected there would be few changes in Washington, and practically none among personalities mainly concerned in conducting the war on behalf of the United States. He went so far as to suggest that he would ask Mr. Cordell Hull to remain in charge of America's foreign policy, if he were elected President. This shows that even Mr. Dewey had noted the desire of the people of the United States for a policy of continuity. Normally, a new President sweeps away most of the key figures of the previous administration, and in the consequent disruption even the postmasters of every town and hamlet in the United States are changed.

This is due to the operation of party patronage. The election of President Roosevelt has averted this upheaval at a most critical point in the war; it is one of the several benefits which will accrue to the United States and to the world outside. President Roosevelt's return was assured when it became known that more than fifty million people had gone to the polls. This means that he received the full backing of the man in the street. Democratic party organizers were somewhat apprehensive early in the campaign that there would be considerable apathy among the electors which might rob Mr. Roosevelt of a clear-cut victory, and, in certain circumstances, result in his defeat. They estimated that if the total poll was under forty million Mr. Tom Dewey would have a very good chance of success, because it would mean that the business vote had been solidly in his favour and popular opinion had failed to record votes. But these fears proved groundless.

### Impact

**T**HE result will have far-reaching implications for the rest of the world. President Roosevelt's influence will become even greater than

before in the councils of the nations. Up to now he has wielded great power, backed by the productive strength of the United States, in bringing the war to its present highly successful stage. Obviously, with victory assured, his influence in the peace-making will be considerable. Who can doubt that President Roosevelt is a man of destiny? Just over twenty years ago he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in President Wilson's administration. He was an outright supporter of the Wilson policy of dealing with a defeated Germany and in creating the League of Nations. Young Roosevelt stumped the United States speaking in support of the adherence of the United States to the policies of the League of Nations. But the Wilson policy was overturned by an antagonistic Congress, and the United States withdrew from the League of Nations.

It is not often that the opportunity occurs to a statesman to have a second chance to fulfil a policy. It has come to President Roosevelt. And in the next few months I venture to prophesy that we shall see and hear a great deal from Washington, all of which will be pregnant with possibilities for the post-war world. We cannot know yet, of course, what will be the composition of Congress. President Roosevelt may yet have an antagonistic Congress. It cannot be as stubbornly opposed to his policies as was that Congress with which the late President Wilson battled and lost. There has been a change in outlook in the United States. And many Republicans will have been returned to Congress in support of the kind of foreign policy which President Roosevelt is pursuing.

### Pointer

**M**ARSHAL STALIN has given a clear warning to Japan that Soviet Russia regards her as an aggressor nation in the same category as Germany. If this warning means anything, it is that Soviet Russia intends joining Britain and the United States in waging the final battle of this world war against Japan once Germany is defeated. In the United States opinion has for a long time been fairly confident that at a suitable moment Russia would declare war on Japan. Marshal Stalin's warning can therefore be regarded as the first step. His speech on the twenty-seventh anniversary of the founding of the Soviet Union was full of confidence and determination. He indicated without any doubt that the Red Armies will



### U-Boat Killers

*Lt.-Cdr. P. D. Gick, R.N., is Commander Flying, and Capt. H. T. T. Bayliss the Commanding Officer of the escort carrier H.M.S. Vindex. The ship has recently scored successes against U-boats in northern waters*



*Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., founder and chairman of the committee, chatted to Congressman Charles McKenzie, Major Braithwaite, M.P., and Congressman Rennie Arnold*



*Maj.-Gen. J. M. L. Grover, M.C., was at the reception. In October he succeeded Maj.-Gen. Sir Colin Jardine as Director of Army Welfare Services*



*Lt.-Gen. Sir Donald Banks was talking to Major W. P. Sidney, V.C., the recently elected National Government Member of Parliament for Chelsea, and son-in-law of Field Marshal Lord Gort*

### The Allied Officers Welcome Committee's Reception for the French Ambassador





*Three Men on the Bridge of H.M.S. Orion*

*Here are three of the men in charge of the relief of Greece now that the country has been liberated. They are Lt.-Gen. R. N. Scobie, G.O.C. Allied Forces in Greece; Mr. Harold Macmillan, Resident British Minister in the Central Mediterranean; and Rear-Admiral J. M. Mansfield, D.S.C.*



*The New Commander of the Eighth Army*

*Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard L. McCreery, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., has been appointed to succeed Lt.-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese, as commander of the 8th Army. Gen. McCreery was visiting a Greek Brigade H.Q. and is seen here with a brigadier, after he had examined a destroyed German Tiger tank*

fight their way to Berlin, and that Soviet Russia will play her full part in ensuring that Germany is stripped of her military power for a long time, if not for all time. It is quite obvious from the marshal's remarks that those German officers who have been allowed to form a committee in Moscow are going to be very disappointed. They will be allowed to use whatever influence they have to smash Hitler, but they are not going to have a chance to build another aggressive Germany.

#### Prospects

MARSHAL STALIN described the present position of Germany as of a country in the jaws of a vice with pressure ever increasing on two fronts. With all the supplies, communications, man power and air power of the Allies, it is difficult to imagine how the Germans can withstand this pressure for very long. I am still among the optimists, for I believe that the next two months may yet see some startling and dramatic developments. Obviously, no effort is going to be spared by those who are conducting the military operations. It is their business to see that the war is brought to an end quickly, and the sooner they can do this the greater will be the honour they will share with their fighting comrades in all ranks. As far as I can see, it is all a question of weather. If the weather holds, and the ground remains hard the great armies will move nearer and nearer to their final triumph.

#### Travel

BACK from his journeyings to Moscow, Cairo, Athens and Italy, Mr. Anthony Eden will next visit Paris with the Prime Minister as the guest of the Provisional French Government. This will be a sentimental journey for Mr. Churchill. He was last there in those dark days of 1940, and no man did more to try and avert the collapse of France than he. He used every argument and made every appeal to M. Reynaud, who was Prime Minister at the time, and his ministers. Those who were privileged to be present at these conferences, which invariably continued till the very early hours of the morning, found inspiration and stimulation from the Churchillian orations which lost none of their power because they were in French. Mr. Churchill made that great offer of joining France with the British

Empire, but all his efforts were in vain. Yet the faith that he then expressed in France has not proved fruitless. His reward has come four years later with the emergence of France from the grip of the enemy, a new France alive with ideas and hopes for the future.

For Mr. Anthony Eden there is also a justification of his belief in France and the policy he has persistently pursued. There are indications that he will in the future endeavour to develop his Anglo-French policy to include a grouping of Western European nations within the framework of the new League of Nations. The object will be to bind more closely together the common culture and interests of Britain, France, Belgium and Holland. Above all, the purpose will be to make them one strong whole in defence against any possible aggressor in the future. Belgium and Holland are greatly interested in this project which Mr. Eden mentioned in one of his recent speeches, and General de Gaulle's mind is said to be moving in the same direction.

#### Forgiven

THE news that Sir Stafford Cripps is to be forgiven for anything he has done in the past against the rules of the Labour Party and to be re-admitted as one of its leading members is a most interesting political development. Sir Stafford Cripps will be a great asset to the Labour Party at the General Election, for he is head and shoulders above most of his old colleagues who are now to be his new partners. In the last two years he has kept himself in the background politically and devoted himself to his work at the Ministry of Aircraft Production and on a variety of Cabinet Committees. This work has given him a close insight into the problems of administration. With Sir Stafford's return we can expect to see the battle for the leadership in succession to Major Attlee begin in earnest. At the moment Mr. Herbert Morrison has his head in front, but Sir Stafford Cripps makes a strong appeal to the rank and file, and I believe that sooner or later he will establish himself.



*Three D.S.O.s Receive Their Awards at the Palace*

*Brig.-Gen. Geoffrey Harding went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive the D.S.O. from the King. He is seen leaving after the ceremony*

*Major-Gen. R. N. Gale (right) and his second-in-command, Brig. E. Flavell, both received the D.S.O., won respectively in Normandy and North Africa. They were both with the First Airborne Division at Arnhem*



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

One Thing and Another

IT is no use pouring water on a duck's back. But we should not, I think, exclude the possibility of considerable fun in that operation. Indeed, I can imagine nothing more amusing than to be provided with a sufficiency of ducks and gallons and gallons of water. So with the great film companies who are, I am persuaded, entirely impervious to ideas. I have long been convinced that the only reason any film ever gets made is because someone suggests something else. For example: suppose somebody persuades the great Mr. Hotchkiss that an excellent film might be made out of the Crimean War and the life of Florence Nightingale—what happens? The great Mr. Hotchkiss orders at least five hundred lifeboats; and presently a fleet of life-savers emerges with Grace Darling in the leading vessel swinging a lamp in the bows.

By James Agate

Miss Rose. Made her take that vile tangerine polish off my nails and put on dark red. Didn't notice until after she had gone that it's practically black in electric light; couldn't be in a worse state. Damn Miss Rose.

And there is the gigolo who can never date-up in his apartment because of six other women who telephone. And lastly there is that heart-rending picture of Lily Wynton, the great actress, whose famous dark, liquid eyes are seen in the daylight to be set in little hammocks of folded flesh. Poor little disillusioned Mrs. Murdock, who meets her at a tea-party and realizes that third-act passion and four o'clock brandy produce pretty much the same effect.

THE story connecting all these people? It doesn't very much matter. And anyhow

that other haven of American respectability, divorce.

AT Warners the two big parts are in the hands of two very talented actresses. Bette Davis as Katherine is at her very best. Her comedy is immensely effective because it is so restrained, her lines sound witty—even when they aren't—and she brings out the emotion and the devotion of the unloved *femme à quarante ans* with a subtlety and a delicacy which no other screen actress could attain. When the play was first produced I wrote of Edith Evans: "She plays Katherine in that vein of mockery and banter which so infinitely becomes her; there is a heart to be hurt somewhere, but since to show it would embarrass us, it is not shown." Bette Davis is not concerned with our embarrassment—she wears her heart on her sleeve very palpably.

ABOUT Miriam Hopkins as the idiotic best-seller I am a little in doubt. Miriam is a very accomplished player; she has poise, refinement and knows every trick of the comic stage. But I remember Marian Spencer, apart from her farcical clothes and unspeakable



"Old Acquaintance," filmed by Warner Bros., and now at the Warner Theatre, revives memories of 1941, when, with Edith Evans and Marian Spencer in the parts played on the screen by Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins, John Van Druten's play at the Globe proved one of the year's big theatre successes. Above left: Mildred Drake (Miriam Hopkins) is temporarily shaken out of her complacent conceit by her husband (John Loder) who has decided to leave her. Centre: Kit Marlowe (Bette Davis) finds that her god-daughter Deirdre (Dolores Moran) has fallen in love with the young man she herself intended to marry. Right: Kit says good-bye to Rudd (Gig Young). She knows that he and Deirdre are in love and sacrifices her own claim to Rudd's affection so that the two young people may be happy together

Now I have a suggestion to make which I don't suppose any Hollywood magnate would take seriously. This is that Hollywood should make a picture of the American scene as it really is. I will not take up the reader's time with a description of the American scene as it really isn't, because that can be seen in a hundred cinemas on any night of the week. I suggest that somebody should film Mrs. Dorothy Parker's book of short stories, *Here Lies*. Here is a wonderful gallery of American portraits. There is Miss Wilmarth, the trained nurse, who looked so like a horse that when people offered her a lump of sugar they felt constrained to hold it in the palm of their hands. There is Hazel Morse, the big, useless blonde who took about two pounds of aspirin and still couldn't die. There is the New York lady who during days of horror, despair and world-change would write in her diary:—

Miss Rose came at noon to shape my nails, couldn't have been more fascinating. Sylvia Eaton can't go out the door unless she's had a hypodermic, and Doris Mason knows every single word about Duggie Mason and that girl up in Harlem, and Evelyn North won't be induced to keep away from those three acrobats, and they don't dare tell Stuyvie Raymond what he's got the matter with him. Never knew any one that had a more simply fascinating life than

what does Hollywood keep its hacks for? There is a wonderful gallery of portraits here and an amount of wit which would have a sophisticated audience holding its sides. On the other hand I realize that Camberwell and Camden Town would remain totally unmoved. Wherefore we shall never see this picture. Which will not prevent our highbrow critics from babbling about the Art of the Cinema.

*Old Acquaintance* (Warners) is founded on a play by John Van Druten which had considerable success some three years ago, largely owing to the virtuosic acting of Edith Evans as Katherine Marlowe, the mature, sensible writer of serious novels, and the scrumptious comedy of Marian Spencer as Millie Drake, fliberty-gibbet, feather-brained concocter of rubbishy sob-stuff which, needless to say, was by far the greater success of the two. Round and about these two ladies, both of whom moved in American social circles of undiluted opulence, was woven a complicated and somewhat confused story, in the course of which every one seemed to fall in love with every one else; no impropriety, however, but an unending stream of "Will you marry me?"s, with occasional hints at

hats, representing her as a complete ninny and braying ass, whereas nothing that Miriam does could ever suggest anything but a woman of infinite charm and considerable brain. This Millie, I fear, will convince no one; the part should have been given to someone goggle-eyed, babyish and goofy, like . . . no names, etc.

THEN it was a mistake to have engaged Gig Young to play the lover, and John Loder to play the husband when they both look the same age. This sort of thing muddles the spectator who, in a film of this kind which is entirely based on A's love for B and C's love for D, with intermittent reversions to other variations of the alphabet, has quite enough to do keeping account of the divers attractions and repulsions without getting them all mixed up. But on the whole the picture, which lasts two hours, is very well acted; and there is an admirable servant played by Esther Dale, and a superb sketch of a tactless lady-reporter by—so it seemed to me—Anne Revere. Altogether quite a recommendable show, with one outstanding performance, one remarkable one, and several others uniformly competent. And what more can you ask? If there is any music, one doesn't notice it. And what more can you ask of film-music?



# The Life of Chopin

Paris in the 19th Century;  
George Sand, Liszt,  
Paganini, Balzac  
and Pleyel



Balzac, a fabulous figure, mentally and physically (Peter Cusanelli)

● *A Song To Remember* is to be presented at the New Gallery on Monday next, the 20th. Opening in a village not far from Warsaw in 1820, it tells the life story of a famous musician, Frederic Chopin. Chopin had two great loves—his country and his music. His early political activities force him to seek refuge in Paris and there he meets the great men of his day and the woman, George Sand, who is to affect his whole life. George Sand forces Chopin to work. His name becomes famous. Only love of country draws him finally from George Sand's side. He tears the capitals of the world to raise money for Poland until, exhausted by work and travelling difficulties, he dies of consumption



The young Chopin is forced to flee his native Poland. He leaves behind his boyhood sweetheart Constantia (Cornel Wilde, Nina Foch)



George Sand, a woman of letters, of masterful disposition and passionate disregard of convention, falls deeply in love with the young Chopin. She takes him from Paris to a lonely monastery in Majorca, where she forces him to think only of his work. It is George Sand who develops the genius in Chopin (Merle Oberon)



Chopin's first concert is not a success. It is a bitter disappointment for his old tutor, the whimsical, stubborn but kindly old Joseph Elsner (Paul Muni). Later, however, Chopin is befriended by Liszt and through him meets Madame Sand



Liszt was George Sand's lover for many years. He introduces her to his new protegee, the young Pole, Chopin. Madame Sand is deeply impressed and decides to devote her life to develop the genius she senses in the boy's immature talent (Stephen Beckassy, Merle Oberon)



# The Theatre

"Private Lives" (Apollo)

By Horace Horsnell

ON his visit to the Inferno, Dante had a vision of those tortured lovers, Paolo and Francesca, whirling like autumn leaves through endless cycles of desolation. To that mournful whirlwind Mr. Noel Coward's capricious comedy supplies a kind of secular counterpart. The affinity is, no doubt, remote, and was probably not in the dramatist's mind when he wrote *Private Lives*. Moreover, as with other modern parables, any moral that may be drawn from it is what you will. Indeed, the only safe conclusion one may come to concerning Elyot and Amanda, its extremely articulate hero and heroine, who were impulsively divorced and are so unexpectedly reunited on their second honeymoons five years later, is that they are not fated to emulate Darby and Joan.

You may remember that, when they first amused us at the Phoenix Theatre fourteen years ago, these two passionate incompatibles were played by Mr. Coward himself and Miss Gertrude Lawrence. In the present revival at the Apollo they are played by Mr. John Clements and that blithe spirit, Miss Kay Hammond, of the arched eyebrow and Parnassian pout; and only chronic carpers would make odious comparisons.

These pert protagonists are vehicles of wit, rather than studies from the life, and qualify for that freedom from realistic censure which is the prerogative of figments of farce and the chatterboxes of high comedy alike. Their so-called private lives are not human documents, but a fantasia on a connubial theme scored for two voices. Unbridled egotism inspires the canon, the retort discourteous the counterpart; and the resulting discords are very funny.

Untrammelled, like the lily, by any need to toil or spin, these two quick-witted rattles live

on emotional sensations. They would rather say witty things than do dull deeds. Their susceptibility to boredom is infinite; and as an antidote, altruism would be not so much ridiculous as unthinkable. While jealousy can touch their vanity, it merely serves to quicken their gift for repartee, relieve the tedium of repose, and flatter their appreciation of their mutual affinity.

As their foils or stooges, Sybil and Victor, whom they have just married, are of a more humdrum type; more orthodox specimens



Discarded partners: Peggy Simpson, Raymond Huntley



Ex-partners' reunion: Kay Hammond, John Clements

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Love with a kick in it: John Clements, Kay Hammond

of the sexes. Whereas Elyot has much of the cat in him, including the scratch, Victor is a thoroughbred barker. Amanda and Sybil are pronounced variants of comedy's eternal feminine.

Mr. Coward does not labour these biological diversities, but uses them to enliven the play's situations and colour his quick unscrupulous dialogue, which glitters with verbal felicities. The symmetry of the plot serves to emphasize its episodic economy, and the deliberate superficiality of the characterization would exclude it from the ranks of our theatre's comic masterpieces. To compare it, for instance, with Congreve's *Love For Love* would not only be unfair, but would apply standards it neither invites nor could sustain. Yet it is a deftly contrived confection and notably witty.

Its ingredients lack that universality which fortifies the mellow comic vintages of the past and enhances their bouquet. It has its own eclectic sparkle, and it exhilarates as do cocktails contrived by a master hand. It has no heart, but its head still bubbles, and the quintet of players led by Mr. Clements and Miss Hammond dispense it with dutiful vivacity.

THIS revival may not evoke such gusts of surprised, delighted laughter as swept the theatre on its first presentation fourteen years ago. There are reasons for this, not only in what may be a slight tarnishing of its idiom, or in memories of Miss Lawrence, to which distance may have lent its subtle enchantment, but in the times themselves. Psychologists may diagnose it as an "escapist" piece, though if so, it is, more now perhaps than ever, an escape for two, not a crowd. As with the Indian-rope trick, the climbers pull the rope up after them.

That all-in scrap on the sofa, after Amanda has crowned Elyot with the gramophone record, is robustly fought; but it was bound to have something of an air of premeditation on the part of the scrappers, since for many of the spectators it can no longer have its element of surprise. Personal excellences in the general performance include the clever balance Mr. Clements maintains between originality and revival, the unfrivolous firmness of that fine actor, Mr. Raymond Huntley, and Miss Hammond's famous and ever fascinating petulance which here reveals new charms.





Photographs by  
Swaebe

*Mrs. Montgomery (Jane Baxter) and Daughters*

## An Actress at Home

Off-Stage Pictures of Jane Baxter  
With Her Husband and Children

● Jane Baxter, in private life the wife of Lt.-Col. Arthur Montgomery, has two little daughters to keep her busy when off duty. She is at present playing a leading part in Terence Rattigan's very successful play *While the Sun Shines*, at the Globe Theatre, and spends the rest of her time at her Putney home with her family. The Montgomery girls, Rachael and Sylvia, have very fair hair and are keen on gardening occupations



*Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Montgomery*



*Hard at Work Beside the Rabbit-Hutch*



*Some Serious Weeding by Rachael and Sylvia*





### Christening Ceremony in Somerset

Facey, Bristol

Lord and Lady Polwarth's daughter was given the names of Sarah Margaret at her christening at All Saints', Wraxall, Somerset. In this picture are Lady Wraxall, Miss Sally Hay (Lady Polwarth's sister), Lady Polwarth and the baby, the Hon. W. H. Scott and Miss J. Anderson



### Alastair Grenfell Stewart's Christening

The baby son of Capt. Michael Stewart, D.S.O., M.C., Welsh Guards, and Mrs. Stewart was christened at St. Peter's, Cranbourne. Above are Mrs. Peter Holdsworth Hunt, Mrs. Stewart with the baby, Lady Maclean of Duart, and Mr. Spencer Thornton, holding Carolyn Stewart

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### At 10, Downing Street

WHEN the King sees the Prime Minister twice within a few days, it is fairly certain that something of importance is in the wind; and though few people outside the inner circle of the Cabinet had any idea of what was being prepared, the fact that His Majesty drove to 10, Downing Street to dine with Mr. Churchill only a day after the Premier had been to lunch with him at Buckingham Palace caused a lot of speculation in political quarters, which was quickly cut short by the announcement of Mr. Churchill's plan to visit Paris with Mr. Anthony Eden.

As usual, the Queen did not accompany the King to Downing Street, nor was Mrs. Churchill present at the dinner-table, in order that there might be the easier atmosphere for the free discussion of most important secrets of State that comes—or is supposed to come—when there are only men guests. Sir Alan Lascelles was in attendance on His Majesty.

### Investiture

THE Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, whose tall figure, heavy moustache and charming manners are so well known to everyone attending functions at Buckingham Palace, has not been very well lately, and he was unable to be present at the most recent of the King's Investitures at the Palace. Usually, his place at the King's right hand on the Royal dais is taken by tall, elegant Col. "Tim" Nugent, of the Irish Guards, who is Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, but this time it was the King's naval equerry, and old friend, Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, D.S.O., R.N., who acted as deputy Lord Chamberlain and read out the long list of names of those to receive honours and decorations—a task that sounds a good deal simpler than it actually is. Sir Harold, I noticed, followed the excellent example of Lord Clarendon, and carefully ticked off each name with a pencil as its owner passed before the King, and he got through the long ordeal without a single slip.

While the King was in Holland recently, Lord Clarendon had a very famous deputy, none other than Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, Commander-in-Chief of the Twenty-First Army Group. At the front-line Investiture

His Majesty held at the C.-in-C.'s headquarters in the field when he knighted three Generals and decorated several more, it was "Monty" himself who read out the names and awards, adding, as a personal and very human touch, a word or two about the career and achievements of each one of them, an innovation which pleased the King and showed the complete team spirit that exists between the Field-Marshal and his subordinate commanders.

### Sale of Lace

THERE is to be a sale and exhibition of lace and textiles at Claridge's on the 22nd,

23rd and 24th of this month, in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. The first of the "lace" sales for this magnificent cause was organised last year by Mrs. Henry Stockley and raised £8000. This year Mrs. Stockley hopes to make even more.

The other day I went to the workrooms to see the lovely things she has designed, which are being made up by voluntary workers in Mrs. Jimmy Rank's town house, which incidentally, had an unexploded bomb right through it in 1940. There are lace-covered white prayer-books for brides; lovely lace cushions of every shape and size, table-mats, tea-cosies, blotters, address books and beautiful lampshades, as well as the prettiest lace blouse, really glamorous bed-jackets, and a limited quantity of lace "undies." The little girls' party frocks are enchanting, and so are the christening robes, and there are some lovely lace-trimmed coats and baskets for the baby, and even lace-covered rattles. Everything is coupon-free, and they are all made of "old lace." Gorgeous sachets of "pot-pourri" have been made from the flowers in the Marchioness of Londonderry's garden, and presented by her. Some of the



### The Cunliffe-Owens Went to the Premiere of "The Climax"

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen and his son, Dudley, who is in the R.N.V.R., saw the first performance of the film "The Climax," given in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Y.M.C.A.



Lady Cunliffe-Owen was there too, to see the film, with Miss Philippa Cunliffe-Owen, Sir Hugo's elder daughter by his first marriage, who is a Leading Wren



Mrs. Dennis Russel wore a fur coat over the gayest tweed; she was accompanied by Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch and Major Eddie Carbutt, who had just bought that good horse, Tippet, which was put up for auction during the afternoon. Capt. Jack Dennis was escorting Mrs. Jackie Ward, whose husband is in the "Blues," and who was wearing a beautifully-made long coat, made out of the Blues' own tweed, with regimental buttons. Others there were Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lady Petre, Mr. Bud Flanagan, who was being congratulated on the success of his West Fell in the second race by Mr. Tom Webster, the famous cartoonist, who was wearing the uniform of a war correspondent; Major Johnnie Hislop on leave, and delighted at the prospect of steeplechasing being resumed on Boxing Day; and Capt. Bruce Hobbs, who has lately returned from the Middle East. He is well over 6 ft. tall, and it is hard to believe he was the little boy who rode the gallant little Battleship to

(Concluded on page 216)

### Golden Wedding of the Governor of Northern Ireland

This picture was taken at Government House, Hillsborough, on November 1, when the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn celebrated their golden wedding. On the ground are their grandchildren, Henry and Cynthia Seymour, and, sitting: Mr. Andrew Gallagher, Rev. David Morton; the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Sir Emerson Herdman and Capt. E. W. Ross. Standing behind: Cdr. Oscar Henderson, Lady Katharine Seymour (daughter), Mr. J. W. Buchanan, Canon A. P. Chamberlain, Mr. W. B. Smyth, Lady Mary Gilmour (daughter), Rev. J. Martin, Capt. J. C. Herdman

lace that has been given is priceless, and includes many of the rarest specimens.

### Voluntary Workers

AMONGST Mrs. Stockley's helpers are Mrs. Stanton, widow of Brig. Stanton; Mrs. Humphrey Cook; the Hon. Lady Wombwell; Mrs. Frankowski, wife of the Polish Deputy Minister; Miss Beaumont Nesbitt; Mrs. Coles, who is an Australian and has a son fighting in Europe; Mrs. Ernest Ward; and Mrs. Corfield, who has made most of the attractive lace flowers for sale.

The textiles and Oriental brocades are some of the most exquisite specimens, many of them over 100 years old, in marvellous preservation, and in the most wonderful colourings. There are lovely patchwork quilts, and some priceless linen, amongst other things two tablecloths owned by Lord Nelson, embroidered with the coronets of Nelson and Brontë, which had been given by Mrs. Barlow, and a damask tablecloth and ten table-napkins which are over 100 years old, and were originally presented by Napoleon to a Mr. Bedell, and given to the exhibitor, Miss Follet, by Mr. Bedell's daughter.

Amongst those who are having stalls at this sale are Lady Hudson, Lady Iliffe, Lady Kennedy, wife of Sir John Kennedy; Mrs. Jimmy Rank, Lady May of Weybridge, Mrs. Robert Balfour, Lady Woolton, wife of our late Minister of Food; Mrs. Philip Hill and Lady Hamond-Graeme.

### Society of Portrait Painters

THE Royal Academy once again is the scene of the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and this year's private view drew a number of well-known people into the famous galleries. The young and attractive Lady Hopetoun, who is now living at Farnborough, in Kent, came to see the portrait of her father-in-law, Lord Linlithgow, the former Viceroy of India, wearing the green velvet mantle of a Knight of the Thistle, which seems to make him even taller than he really is. She was wearing a pretty little brown cap poised well back on her head, which matched her cocoa-dyed ermine coat.

Miss Monica Sheriffe was there, smart in her M.T.C. uniform; Miss Elizabeth Luttrell was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Stanley Tollemache; Mrs. Miles Graham, whose husband is on "Monty's" staff, was with her mother-in-law, Lady Askwith; and among the very few young girls was Miss Priscilla Bullock, going round with her father, Capt. Malcolm Bullock. Sir George and Lady Frankenstein were together; Lady Boynton, who has made a remarkable recovery after having been run over in Belgrave Square some three months ago, was there;

the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage looked very neat in her St. John uniform; Mrs. Flora Lion was with her husband and receiving all-round congratulations on her excellent portraits; the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson walked round; and the Argentine Ambassador and Madame Cárcano chatted to many friends.

### Flat Finale

THE last day of the flat-racing season was held at Windsor and was as usual well attended. The Duchess of Norfolk watched the horses in the paddock with Lord and Lady Irwin, while the Duke chatted to Lady Jane Nelson. For once neither the Duke or Duchess had a runner during the afternoon. Sir Eric Mievile, the King's Private Secretary, talked to Sir Louis Greig, who had one of his daughters with him; Miss "Boo" Brand, who has lately returned from France, where she went as a dispatch rider with our forces, was in green, which suited her red hair; Brig. Mark Roddick was with his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Malcolm strolled round together; so did Lord and Lady Manton, who have been living so conveniently near the course.



Bealing, Shaftesbury

### Inspection of Nursing Cadets

Lady Ashley (right), County Vice-President of the Nursing Cadets, carried out an inspection of newly enrolled members at Shaftesbury Senior School. Mrs. Stuart Best, County Cadet Officer, was with her. Lady Ashley is the Earl of Shaftesbury's daughter-in-law



### Planning a Matinee in Aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Mr. Jack Waller is presenting a gala matinee of "Three's a Family" at the Saville Theatre on November 21st, and Lady Hamond-Graeme is Chairman of the committee organising the performance



Swarbe

On the committee of the gala matinee, to be held in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, are Miss Enid and Miss Audrey Paget, seen above





*Hamlet*: "I will watch to-night; Perchance, 'twill walk again"  
Horatio tells Hamlet of the apparition which has thrice  
appeared on the castle battlements by night—a figure like  
his father, the dead King (Francis Lister, John Gielgud)

## A Hamlet to Remember

Gielgud Gives a Great Performance  
at the Haymarket



*Polonius*: "Then, my blessings with thee. And these few  
precepts in thy memory see thou character"  
*Polonius bids his son Laertes farewell. Laertes is returning to  
France, leaving his father and sister, Ophelia, at the Court  
of Denmark (Miles Malleston, Peggy Ashcroft, Patrick Crean)*

Photographs by



*Ophelia*: "There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's  
rue for you; and here's some for me"

*Ophelia, cruelly wronged by Hamlet, has lost her reason.  
Singing snatches of old songs, she goes down to the water to  
gather flowers and, overbalancing, is drowned (Peggy Ashcroft)*



*Hamlet*: "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
I took thee for thy better"

*Hamlet, summoned by his mother to her bedchamber,  
hears movement behind the arras. He draws his  
sword and, piercing the curtain, kills Polonius*



• *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, by William Shakespeare, is included in the first cycle of plays presented by the Repertory Company headed by John Gielgud at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Gielgud has been seen as Hamlet before—at the Old Vic, the New Theatre and the Lyceum—but never before has he given such a performance as this. By general consent he now takes his place among the great Hamlets of all time; no lover of Shakespeare should miss his performance, which is likely to prove the finest interpretation of our age



Hamlet: "O God! I could . . . count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams"  
Hamlet is visited by two old friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. His mistrust of them is aroused when he learns they have been sent by the King and Queen (Max Adrian, John Gielgud, John Blatchley)

ed. Beaton



The King: "What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?"  
Gertrude: "Mad as the sea and wind"  
Gertrude tells her husband of her interview with Hamlet and of the death of Polonius. "It had been so with us had we been there," says the King. (Leslie Banks, Marian Spencer)



Player Queen: "Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife"  
Hamlet watches the face of his uncle as the story of the King's murderous crime is re-enacted by the travelling players



Hamlet: "Now could I drink hot blood, And do such business as the bitter day would quake to look on.  
Soft; now to my mother.—O heart, lose not thy nature;  
Let not ever the soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural"



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

YOU probably know exactly what a mouse-like citizen squeaking pitifully in one of the newspapers for "simpler modern poetry" meant. He meant the plain, straightforward stuff you get so often from Laureates.

We once composed a wad of this kind of poetry ourselves, intended for that Oxford Book of Business Men's Verse which is so long overdue. Sample lines, on the French Revolution:

They said: "You will be guillotined tonight,"  
And Danton said: "What, me? I see. All right."

And again, on the Battle of Waterloo:

The Iron Duke then told the Guards to charge,  
Which seemed to them all very fine and large,  
But though his face was fierce, his accents sharp,

Nobody cared to criticise or carp;

"By all means, Sir!" the courteous cry arose,  
And Wellington said: "Good," and blew his nose.

And once more, on that unfortunate incident at the ceremonial opening of the first British railway:

Lord Palmerston said: "By the way, I see  
They have run over Huskisson, M.P."  
The Secretary to the Board of Trade  
Said: "Yes, it spoiled the party, I'm afraid,"  
And coughing gently, and with ready tact,  
Passed on to the Street-Lighting (Powers) Act.

Plenty more in stock. Any lengths supplied. Special terms to the Trade. Write "Dulcie," c/o Izzy Schmaltz, Hotcha Poetry Agency, W.

## Chum

BEEKEEPERS are clamouring to have the maximum sale-price of honey abolished because, they say, the season has been disastrous. As usual, they do not blame the bees, who traditionally treat beekeepers like offal. When we were in Scotland recently the local bees were fobbing off on them a substance like black treacle, well kenning the *puir gomerals* dare not emit a single yammer.

In our unfortunate view the bee is suffering from the Malady of the Age—the fever for less and less work and more and more fun. Fun to a bee means (a) looking at anxious beekeepers through an optical fitting which gives him about fifty simultaneous tiny portraits of a homely pan crowned by a bowler hat, a pleasure which soon palls, and (b) the Nuptial Flight, which even by Mayfair standards is hardly worth the trouble, since the bridegroom crashes from an immense height in about three minutes with his entire inside



"Feel like a sandwich?"

missing. (To make Mendelssohn's all-too-whimsy *Bee's Wedding* true to Nature, somebody should write in a rushing upward string-passage, a one-bar pause, and a rushing downward chromatic string-passage, crescendo, ending in a dull thud as the bee-bridegroom hits the ground. Walton could do this.) The Queen-Bee is mainly responsible for this arrangement, and does she laugh, the little-stripey tease.

In the New Utopia, a chap tells us, beekeepers will have to hustle round and suck the flowers from morn to eve while the bees lounge at home, guzzling honey and annoying the queen by flaunting Science's latest gift to apiculture, the Huxley All-In Flying Belt (regd.).

## Drama

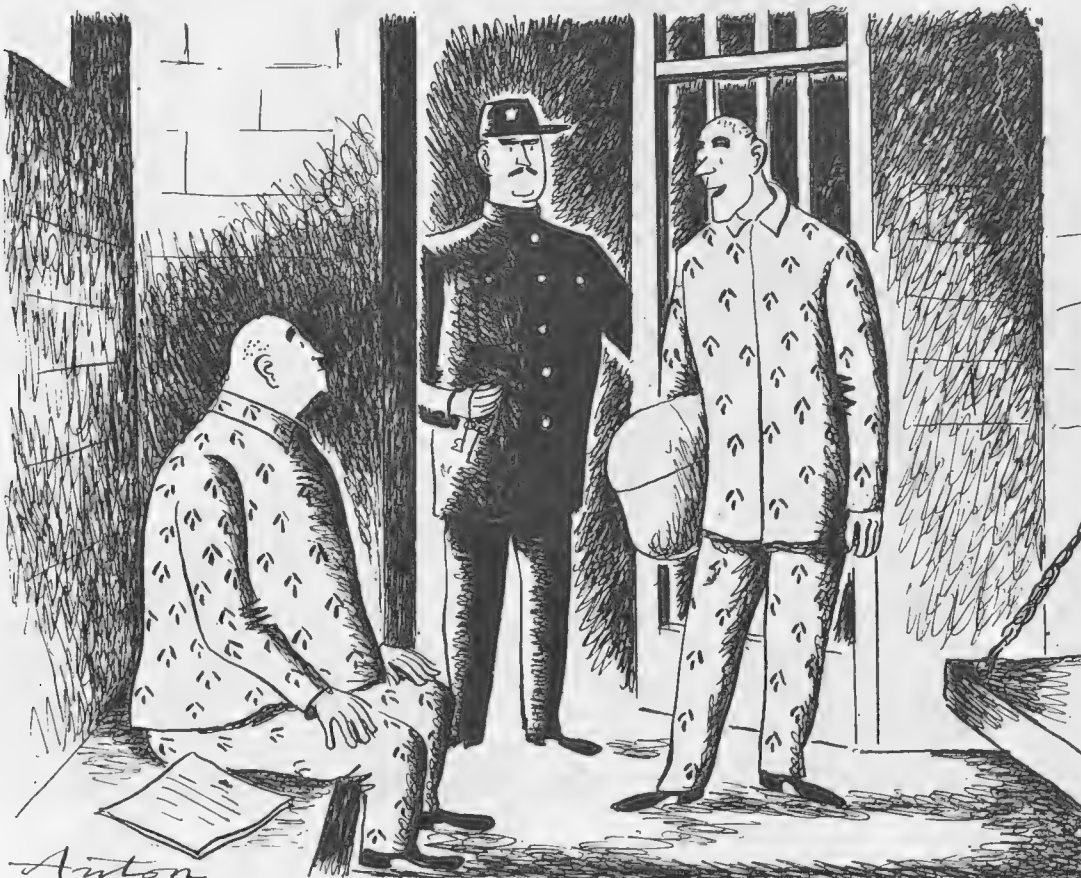
JUST a gift to the short-story boys (we thought) is that recent will of a wealthy citizen leaving £1000 each to the Chairmen of two Urban District Councils, "the income to be distributed at Christmas as they may determine."

A Maupassant, a Tchekhov or a Maugham would make a poignant little psychological drama out of this. The Chairman of one of the U.D.C.s sitting in his humble room, sweating, with hot, glittering eyes. A week later, the Chairman in a smart new bowler hat. A month later, the champagne supper, behind locked doors, with a covey of little actresses from London. Two months later, the first instalment on (a) an ocean-going yacht and a diamond necklace, and (b) blackmail. Six months later, a haggard unshaven shape slinking down side streets in a dusty, grease-spotted bowler. Rumours. Discovery. The Finance Committee meets. Terror. Flight. A broken man kneeling to a scornful little theatrical mopsy in her luxurious West End apartment.

"I have given you my all! Fly with me!"

(A peal of cruel laughter from the stage wanton, polishing her nails. This is often rendered: "Tee-hee, tee-hee, tee-hee!")

"I love you. I gave you gifts far above your station. My rank meant



"I hope I'm not intruding?"

(Concluded on page 206)



# Out at Night

After-Blackout Pictures



At the Bagatelle Lord and Lady Chesham, who were entertaining a party for her daughters and their friends at another table, had G/Capt. A. Harvey and Mrs. Frank Bellville at theirs



Left: Miss Mary and Miss Ann Brock Edwards (Lady Chesham's two daughters by her first marriage) had three friends to dine: Capt. R. J. Lynch, Capt. F. H. Gross and F/O. G. Mostyn

Photographs by Swaebe



The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury sat together at Ciro's, where they were the guests of Lord Inchiquin



Miss Patricia Macaulay (sister of Lady Vaughan) was one of Lt. D. Lloyd Thomas's guests at the Mirabell. He is in the Irish Guards

Left: Col. Christian de Lisle and his wife (formerly Ann Lloyd Thomas) were in her brother's party. Col. de Lisle is in the 11th Hussars



Mrs. Heber Percy, who is a sister of Lady Shrewsbury, is seen here with her host, Lord Inchiquin



Four young people at Lord Inchiquin's table were his two daughters, the Hon. Grania and the Hon. Deidre O'Brien, Mr. Kim Pennoyer and Mr. Jack Denny



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

nothing to me. As Chairman of an Urban District Council I had the world at my feet."

(The laughing wanton presses a bell. A nasty little Peke bites the Chairman in the pants. A silver-framed photograph of an ex-Lord Mayor of London, signed "To Woofles from Ipsy-Bipsy," falls off the mantelpiece on his head. A trim maid enters, laughing herself sick.)

"Show this person out, Maudie."

## Dénouement

MEANWHILE the other Chairman, honoured by all, gives away the bequest-money regularly each Christmas, with a shilling or two of his own, is knighted in New Year Honours, and goes on the Stock Exchange. There are 57 possible endings. Maupassant or Maugham would provide a realist twist; for example, the bad Chairman shoving a mug of skilly through a wooden hatch one morning to the good Chairman. Hello, B 89! Bad luck, old boy.

## Phenomenon

BRANDY stocks in France are pretty good. We read, the Martells and Hennessys and other cognac boys having fooled the Boche with inferior eau-de-vie during the occupation (they say).

So the restaurateurs can begin to rub hands, and that enormous dusty bottle of certified Napoleon Brandy can be given a few more property cobwebs and exposed again. You've probably often met that bottle. It stands about two feet high, with exactly six inches of liquid gold in it, and the proprietor bears it over to you himself, slowly, like a sub-deacon at Notre-Dame carrying a

reliquary. The contents, bottled by Napoleon I. in person, set you back five francs a drop. You call again in six days, weeks, months, years, or decades, and there are still exactly six precious inches of Napoleon Brandy in that bottle. Maybe it's white magic. Maybe it's the original Widow's Cruse.

Speaking of wine and widows, a wineshop in Fleet Street possesses an engraved portrait of the original Widow Cliquot in person. A majestic, handsome, and venerable dame is the Champagne Queen: the Ideal Granny (we always think) for some child like James ("Boss") Agate. Nurse, I think Baby is yelling for his magnum. Oui, Madame. Alors, dépêchez-vous donc, imbécile, il va tout casser! Oui, Madame.

## Goal

BAKED bananas, according to that agreeable old chatterbox Reuter, are the reason the late José-Maria Alban, a citizen of Colombia, reached the age of 118. He lived on nothing else all his life. This shows the abysmal gulf between the professional centenarian and the amateur.

Your amateur rarely thinks of becoming a centenarian till he reaches 90; a feeble, halfhearted approach. José-Maria Alban had been all his life in strict training, and obviously marked from birth. The family doctor's first cry in 1826 was: "This child is undoubtedly a centenarian!" The priest who christened him said pensively: "If

he yells as loudly in the 1940's as he does now, he'll probably make a news-item for El Zaramullo" ("the Busybody," a Colombian term of endearment for cheery old Reuter). By 1840 all the girls in town were giggling and saying: "Mira! There goes that frightful boy El Centenarillo, who is going to live a hundred years on baked bananas! What a spotty face!" Riding past with his alguazils, the Corregidor of the town would rein in and say: "Boy, I understand you are going to be a centenarian?" José-Maria, having nodded shyly, the kindly magistrate would say: "A worthy ambition, boy, if you can hold up on the diet. It sounds like hell's delight to me," and ride on.

## Finale

IN 1876 José-Maria's third marriage-certificate gave his age as 50 and his principal trade or occupation as "living (baked bananas)." In 1926 he reached his original goal, but everybody was too bored by then



"Ready, girls?"

to care. Reuter caught him, we guess, just as Colombia was sick to death of the whole topic.

Reflection: Oh, never mind.

## Offering

THREE West End pantomimes are already announced for Christmas, reminding the thoughtful that except for the Limerick, the Pantomime is the only native art-form the Island Race has ever invented.

And even then. . . . Have you ever asked yourself how and why the British Pantomime Convention survives? The Grand Opera Convention is pretty cockeyed, but even the most fantastic operatic imbroglio (such as *The Magic Flute*) has some sort of shape and meaning. Whereas an art-form which enables a saucy mopsy to prance round in spangled tights supported by four low comedians and fifty saucy mopsies dressed up as rabbits, Pink Hussars, Chinese mandarins, flowers, Dutchmen, geishas, fairies, and Heaven knows what would seem to an unprejudiced observer to derive direct from the loony-bin. This is a trifle harsh, maybe. Our more charitable conclusion is that the inventor of Standard British Pantomime—was it that Mr. Nelson Lee whom Thackeray makes such an insincere fuss about?—was drunk.

## Footnote

WE acquire a lot of odium in literary circles by applying realist thinking (as above) to the intelligentsia's problems. A frightful booksy girl, for example, will mince up to us and say: "It is curious how the intuitive sensitivity of Henry James broadens and deepens in his late middle period into a kind of synthesis of objective aspects of pure impressionism, don't you think?" To which we murmur soothingly, "Yes, yes, indeed, the boy was probably plastered." Judging by the venom this suggestion evokes, you'd think we'd asked the hand of that desiccated hag in holy matrimony.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I wish I could, Major Fergusson; but unfortunately my primordial instincts don't seem to be so highly developed as yours"





Miss Shield, Mr. Michael Balcon and Mr. Godden admire the two dogs posed with Jonathan Balcon and Mrs. Balcon on the terrace

## Week-End in Kent

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Balcon Entertain  
at Their Hartfield Home

● Upper Parrock, in Hartfield, near Tunbridge Wells, is the home of Mr. Michael Balcon, the British film producer, and his wife, the former Miss Aileen Leatherman of Johannesburg. The house is built on the site of an earlier house mentioned in the Domesday Book as Apedroc in Hartenvold, and here Mr. and Mrs. Balcon, both busy people, spend what time they can away from their work. Michael Balcon is the production head of Ealing Studios. He prides himself on being a technician and dislikes being looked upon as an impresario. His wife is as hard a worker as he: she has worked full time for the Red Cross since the outbreak of war, and is now in charge of a mobile unit feeding the wounded brought back by air. The Balcons have a son and a daughter, Jonathan and Jill



Upper Parrock is in Kent, near Tunbridge Wells

Photographs by  
Tunbridge-  
Sedgwick




Mrs. Michael Balcon With Two Friends




Cdr. and Mrs. Anthony Kimmins Visit the Balcons at Upper Parrock



## Three Families



**Lady Myrtle Balfour and Her Children**  
The second daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe, Lady Myrtle Balfour was married in 1932, and has a son and a daughter. Her husband, Mr. Lionel Balfour, is the son of the late Mr. Maxwell Balfour. The present Earl Jellicoe, Lady Myrtle's only brother, is in the Coldstream Guards, and has won the D.S.O. and the Croix de Guerre. His marriage to Miss Patricia O'Kane took place in Beirut last March.



**Lady Richmond Brown**  
Lady Richmond Brown is the wife of Lt. Brown, who succeeded his uncle this year. She is the second daughter of the late Br. and Lady Ulrica Baring, and was married formerly in the Welsh Guards, now the Green Howards. Lady Richmond with her son and daughters at home.

Photographs by  
Compton Collier





er Family  
 ir Charles Richmond  
 the fourth baronet.  
 the Hon. Everard  
 1933. Her husband,  
 ds a battalion of  
 was photographed  
 orside, Yorkshire



*The Hon. Mrs. W. G. Bethell With Her Son and Daughter*

The wife of the Hon. William Gladstone Bethell, Lord Bethell's second surviving son, was Miss Ann Barlow before her marriage in 1937. She is the only daughter of Major R. G. Barlow, Seaforth Highlanders, of The Holt, Ledbury, Herefordshire. Her husband, who has been serving in the Royal Artillery, has now been invalided out of the Army. His eldest brother was killed in action during the last war, at the age of nineteen. The Bethells have a son Nicholas, aged six, and a daughter of nearly a year, called Sally





## Responsible for Radiolocation : Sir Robert Watson-Watt, C.B., LL.D., F.R.S.

A Scotsman from Brechin, Angus, Sir Robert Watson-Watt is the man responsible for the conception, development and full-scale introduction of the Radiolocation system, which the Air Ministry has described as a vital and determining factor in the Battle of Britain. After graduating in Electrical Engineering at University College, Dundee, he started his career as a physicist, but at the age of twenty-five he took charge of the Meteorological Office at the Royal Aircraft Factory, Farnborough. Later he became, in turn, Superintendent of the Radio Research Stations at Aldershot and at Slough, and in 1933 of the newly-formed Radio Department of the National Physical Laboratory, where he and a small team of workers developed and framed the proposals for the first system of Radiolocation, to be adopted by the Air Ministry. The promise of the system so exceeded expectations that a special directorate was formed within the Ministry, under Sir Robert, for its research and development. Since the war the advances in Radiolocation have naturally been highly secret, but Sir Robert's association, direction and advice have continued in his successive appointments as Scientific Adviser on Telecommunications (Air Ministry), Vice-Controller of Communications Equipment (Ministry of Aircraft Production), both of which appointments he still retains, with the additional function of Deputy Chairman of the Radio Board of the War Cabinet.





### Middlesex Hospital Rugby XV Beat Cambridge University

D. R. Stuart

With a victory of 20 points to 5 over Cambridge at Grange Road, Cambridge, Middlesex Hospital, so far unbeaten, look like running off with the Hospitals Cup this season. The Middlesex team—on ground: R. Seidlin, N. K. Dryden. Sitting: R. N. Jackson, C. McIver, A. D. Thomson, G. Colson (captain), A. Whittington, A. R. Arthur, M. Shirley. Standing: A. J. Graham, W. Graham, A. Rycroft, R. Price, D. James, I. Dawson, R. D. Whitehorn (referee)

Playing for Cambridge against Middlesex were, on ground: J. C. Wardhill (Peterhouse), M. F. Pyman (Trinity Hall). Sitting: T. C. K. Marr (Trinity Hall), M. R. Steele-Bodger (Caius), J. F. Bance (Clare), D. B. Vaughan (St. John's, captain), E. Bole (Magdalene), G. B. R. Oswald (Trinity Hall), R. Newsham (St. Catharine's). Standing: D. H. N. Owen (St. John's), D. S. Gibbs (Clare), E. C. A. Bott (Trinity Hall), J. K. Pollitt (Jesus), C. J. O. Foggarty (King's), J. Fairgrieve (Caius), J. A. Ryan (Trinity), R. D. Whitehorn (referee)

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Chifney

ONCE upon a time, which usually means a long while ago, there was a famous professor named Sam Chifney. He was a jockey, but a real professor none the less. He rode with his head, and he won a tremendous lot of races, just because he was clever enough to put into practice a theory which he had evolved. Sam's idea was this: that, if before making your final dash, you balanced your horse for even a split second, you would win nine times out of ten with less expenditure of physical energy than would be required for a long-sustained run—that is to say, a sprint under a full pressure of steam from a long distance from home. Sam Chifney postulated that the practitioner was a sufficiently good judge of pace not to have allowed himself to be left out in the snow—that is, he meant that, to make a success of his method, you ought to be within striking distance. He believed, and he proved to demonstration, that by his method you could win even on a horse that was beginning to show signs of having had just about enough of it. That little balancing feat, that almost imperceptible *cæsura*, worked wonders—sometimes even caused an avalanche! Let us, just for a mental exercise, if for no other reason, keep our race-glasses fixed upon an apt pupil of the great Sam, who, *only too obviously*, knows how the Chifney Rush should be operated.

## Yet Another Over the Eighth

ALL those who have ever played that ancient, but now almost forgotten, game polo, I am sure will have sent their congratulations to the former C.O. of "The Supple Twelfth" upon his appointment to command the renowned Eighth Army. One officer in particular, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lieut.-General Sir Dick McCreery's opposite number in the final of the Inter-Regimental of 1936, will, I am sure, have made a special point of conveying his felicitations upon a well-earned advancement. In that great fight in 1936, the Navy team had the result in the bag, for they were leading 4 to 1 at the beginning of the fifth chukker. Then the unfortunate accident to Lieut.-Commander E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale, the Navy's No. 1, happened, as a result of which he broke a bone in his leg in the collision with Mr. R. W. Hobson, the 12th Lancers No. 3.

After that it was three men versus four, and in the end the Navy were beaten 6 to 4. The Eighth have a fine record in O.C.s, quite apart from their fighting achievements in the field: poor General "Strafer" Gott, shot down in his reconnaissance 'plane before Alamein, the Huns being convinced that they had got the Premier; then Sir Bernard Montgomery, better known to most as "Monty"; then Sir Oliver Leese, now translated to an Army Group Command on the most poisonous front of the whole shooting-match, the Burma one; and now another fine fighting soldier. The 12th Lancers had won this Inter-Regimental in 1914 before their 1936 success, and that pre-first-



### Representing the Army

Lt.-Col. E. F. "Pat" Kingsley, R.A., a well-known Squash and Rugger player, is one of the Army's representatives on the Staff of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory's Allied Expeditionary Air Force

war match always linked itself up in my memory with a blancmange. It was this way: at one of those suppers after a ball in Hindustan, one of that team thought one of his friends looked as if he was hungering for this particular form of food, so he picked up one that lay handy and shied it at him. Of course, the silly ass ducked, and equally of course, it landed on the toupet of the wife of G.O.C. the division.

## Getting the Jumps

WE have now got the one kind and we are never likely to get the other kind, in spite of Herr Göbbels and the Son of Heaven telling the world that they have won their respective wars. Little boys very often whistle when walking through a churchyard by night. As to the kind of "jumps" that we wanted, a Sure Hand told me some time ago that it would be surprising if we got a meeting before Boxing Day. A full-stop since season 1941-42 means a good deal of lee-way to be recovered. Some of the "popular" courses, i.e., within easy hail of big centres, are not in fighting trim. Cheltenham, best and pleasantest in my opinion, is a very far cry in a wartime train, and that goes for

(Concluded on page 212)



### Commanding the R.O.C.

Air-Cdre. Finlay Crerar, O.B.E., is the Commandant of the Royal Observer Corps, which did such splendid work in the defence of London during the Battle of Britain, and recently against flying-bomb attacks





Harrow School Rugby Fifteen

D. R. Stuart

Harrow, playing their first match of the season, lost by 2 points to Dulwich. On ground: P. R. Lewis, P. B. Blackwell. Sitting: C. Brotherton-Radcliffe, C. Humphryes, J. A. Ivens (vice-captain), J. H. Jackson (captain), J. R. Findlay, C. S. R. Stroyan, P. C. Hyde-Thomson. Standing: D. C. Ashmead, K. R. Anderson, J. W. Smart, M. Broune, M. E. Gaze, M. E. Glynn-Percival, E. A. Widdowson, R. G. L. Taylor (touch judge)

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Nottingham also. Sandown? Gatwick?—perhaps the moment anything is known for certain, but wherever it may be there is a lot to put tidy, for there has been, and still is, a war on. And by the same token a devil of a scrap just ahead, and I am afraid all throughout good, King Wenceslas' weather. So I think it would be wisest to hold our horses. It would be sheer folly to try to run the Grand National next March, even if Germany threw in her hand to-morrow, for that would mean presenting the stakes to Southern Ireland. In any case, we have nothing racing fit of the class of Prince Regent, or even of the Conyngham Cup winner of April last, Lovely Cottage. Incidentally, the last Irish Grand National was won by Knight's Crest on April 10th. He carried 9 st. 7 lb., getting 3 st. from Prince Regent, and then only beat him a length; Ruby Loch, also getting 3 st., was third,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths away. The distance is a bit over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

### Ammunition

WE may have a fair amount of not quite top-class jumpers in action by the time 1945 has got well into its stride, but at the moment I cannot see any first-class material exactly prominent. Miss Dorothy Paget, they say, is fairly certain to bring some of her horses back from Ireland, and these, presumably, might include Golden Jack, who won the Irish Grand National in 1943, the first of a nice double, for that was the year in which the fair owner won the Derby with Straight Deal. They say that Golden Jack has completely lost his form, but perhaps a change of air might bring it back. He ran second to the champion, Prince Regent, in the 1942 I.G.N.: he beat him a length in 1943, meeting him, be it marked, on 22 lb. better terms, the actual 1943 weights having been Golden Jack 10 st. 2 lb., Prince Regent 12 st. 7 lb.—2 st. 5 lb. is a tremendous lot to give away in Irish mud, such as they had at Fairyhouse that day. So we must not overrate this form. I am sure, nevertheless, that Golden Jack is a bit more than fair to good medium. It is further said that Mr. J. V. Rank may bring Prince Regent over here, but surely not before the Irish Grand National 1945, for we shall have nothing to offer him. Lord Sefton will probably have his 1942 Cheltenham

Gold Cup winner Medoc II. This horse ran in the Irish Grand National of 1943, but he was unplaced, not having had very long in that country before the race. Some people thought that Medoc II. was lucky to win his Gold Cup, because, when Solarium and Broken Promise fell at the last open ditch, they interfered with the favourite Red Rower, who eventually finished second, eight lengths behind Medoc II. Personally, I thought it was a clear-cut win. Then Lord Bicester has his Irish purchase Prince Blackburn, a nice young horse and very useful in the land of his birth. They handicap him about 2 st. below Prince Regent, the same mark, roughly speaking, as Golden Jack. Lord Bicester also has, or had, Asterabad. Mr. Sherbrooke's Poet Prince, a high-class chaser, may, I hope, be right again, and there may also be Lord Stalbridge's 1940 Grand National winner Bogskar.



Looking After the W.A.A.F. in S.E.A.C.

G/O. I. M. Campbell is the senior W.A.A.F. Staff Officer at H.Q., Air Command, South-East Asia, and is responsible for the well-being of all W.A.A.F. personnel. She went to India with Dame Katherine Trefusis-Forbes last February to investigate the possibilities of employing women with the R.A.F. in the S.E.A.C.



The Aga Khan's filly, Porza, winner of the Phoenix £1000 Nursery Handicap, was led in by Mrs. Nesbit Waddington, wife of the Aga Khan's stud manager in Ireland



Capt. Cyril B. Harty was with Lady Nugent. He is a former member of the Eire Army jumping team, and now has a string of horses under his care at Islandbridge



The Duke of St. Albans watched his gelding, Tony Lumpkin, compete in the Phoenix £1000 Nursery Handicap of five furlongs, in which he took sixth place



A trio at the races were the Hon. Patricia Browne (Lord Oranmore's elder daughter), Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Sweeney, an Irish racehorse owner

### Irish Racing: Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin





## Tribute to "Peggy"—H.M.S. Pegasus : By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

H.M.S. Pegasus, affectionately known as "Peggy" to hundreds of Fleet Air Arm Pilots and Observers who were trained in her, was originally designed as a tanker, but taken over by the Admiralty as a Seaplane Carrier before completion. Launched in 1914 and named Ark Royal, she did good work in the last war, notably at the Dardanelles. After that she was chiefly used for experimental work, mainly catapult, and in 1935, when the new Ark Royal was laid down, she changed her name to Pegasus. Apart from a short spell in convoys providing fighter protection, early in 1941 (good work at her age), her duties have been training and experimental. The drawing shows the manoeuvre of "Recovering Aircraft"—a Kingfisher—as it should not be carried out by the trainees ("Makee learns"). Lack of space mercifully prevents us from getting involved in a flood of technicalities—loud hailer, quick-release toggle, Thomas grab, tricing wire, centre and wing-tip floats. We can safely say, however, that both floats have been "well pranged" and the "makee learn" who is diving overboard has "gone for a Burton"

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Red Indians

FRANCIS PARKMAN was just twenty-three and still fresh from Harvard when, in the spring of 1846, he undertook a hazardous, but rewarding, journey. At college he had been reading law; and partly, perhaps, in youthful, adventure-loving reaction, he now sought great open spaces and the red men. He had already conceived the ambitious project of a history of the Old French (or Indian) War; and before sitting down to embark on this in the seclusion of a Boston study, he wished to know his background at first-hand. He wished to acquaint himself with the Red Indians. He therefore travelled, with companions and under circumstances to be described, through Wyoming and the Bad Lands east of the Rockies. And more, quite alone he joined a wandering tribe of the Sioux and, for several months, lived the daily life of the Indians.

His account of all this took the form of a book, *The Oregon Trail*, which, written two years afterwards, from his diaries, has now been published (or is it republished?) here by the Oxford University Press at 8s. 6d. The publishers do not claim too much in placing *The Oregon Trail*, long recognised as an American classic, among the world's great books of travel. Even "the man with soul so dead" that he does not care for Red Indians must be attracted by the virile simplicity of the writing, by young Parkman's zest for the unknown, by these pictures of movement, weather, mountains, rivers, wild life and boundless space. More, there is something momentous about that year. For, as the wrapper says, Parkman "chose, perhaps, the last available moment before railways and the expanding strength of the United States changed, for good and all, the wild life of the great plains. His book re-creates for us the world of Fenimore Cooper and of Buffalo Bill."

It certainly does. It provides an authentic background for the most popular literature of most childhoods—for I know of few little girls who did not read their brothers' books. Actual attacks on stockades do not occur, and any scalplings take place off-stage—though the chamber allotted, at one point in their journey, to Parkman and his cousin, Quincey Adams Shaw, had been tastefully adorned, in their honour (as a hostess might place a vase of flowers upon a dressing-table) with a quite fresh scalp. Those who like to cherish illusions as to the noble savage may find the illusion imperilled by *The Oregon Trail*. To know the Red Indians was not—at least, where Parkman was concerned—to love them. Savage, yes, is his verdict; but noble—on the whole—no.

## All Sorts

THERE is a curious kind of upright impermeability—though not at any time priggishness—about Parkman's attitude. Both his moral and his physical courage—though neither

seems odd to him—must impress the reader. He kept an unfailing grip on the trickiest situations—for with Indians one never knew where one was! Also, he was never deterred from what he had planned to do by an almost continuous, racking, internal trouble set up by exposure to weather, over-exertion and really revolting food. In order to stand well with the Indians, one must refuse no invitation to eat: twenty-four times in one day did the unfortunate youth, with a turning stomach, have to partake of snacks. Dog stew, washed down by heavily-sweetened tea, was the *pièce de résistance* of the Indian menu. (Happily, our hero, as an American, had not the British fetish about dogs: with equanimity did he see an attractive puppy removed from the litter, slain, cooked and served in the inside of an hour. Those who suffer, unavenged, from their neighbours' dogs may, on the other hand, admire the manner in which he himself at once settled scores with a plump enemy and treated the village to a return feast. The Thurberesque interlude [on p. 167] of the squaw and her faithful hound is placed on record by him without emotion.)

Indians in motion—on war parties, hunting or sweeping through the woods in search of poles for their lodges—were obviously more attractive than Indians static. Parkman may be pardoned for his eagerness that The Whirlwind, after so many declarations, *really* should go to war. But The Whirlwind proved disappointing, belying his *nom de guerre*. The villages, always mobile, displaced themselves



Miss Naomi Jacob, actress and author, is a member of the Women's Legion Executive. She has recently returned from a visit to Italy, where in peacetime, for reasons of health, she made her home. Miss Jacob describes herself as a Conservative Socialist. Her recreations include work—writing novels—telling people how to cook, a little mild swimming, and working for the animals' cause. She herself is the owner of a Pekinese

with increasing rapidity (in the course of which, annoyingly, Parkman completely lost them), and war parties executed spectacular horseback feats; but no major battle materialised. . . .

In spite of frustration and, as he confesses, interludes of extreme boredom, our author gives us some not unaffectionate pictures of Indian domestic life—such as that of Kongra-Tonga teaching his baby son the war-dance. When Indian children became intolerable (a point reached earlier in Parkman's than in their parents' view) a basin of cold water would be thrown over them.

Not only Indians figure in *The Oregon Trail*: it took all sorts to make this now-vanished world. Hunters, trappers, traders and west-moving emigrants stream across Parkman's pages—he and the Indians were at least as one in viewing the emigrants as low class. And, in this summer of 1846, "the wild and lonely banks of the Upper Arkansas beheld for the first time the passage of an army"—General Kearney's, on its march to Santa Fé.

Parkman is an expert, if unconscious, character-drawer—to contact him on this journey was to be immortalised. Deslauriers, his Canadian multerer, and the guide-hunter, the "true-hearted" Henry Chatillon—"proof of what unaided nature will sometimes do"—remain memorable. And we have some excellent social comedy when, early on in the book, the two cool, correct and civilised young Bostonians throw in their lot with a British party—"Captain C—", of the British Army, who, with his

(Concluded on page 216)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

BY what queer things  
are loved-ones most  
vividly remembered!

I once had a friend who was both virtuous as well as cultured. But does he come quicker and clearer to mind when I recollect virtue and culture? He *doesn't*! I see him in clarity most poignant when I regard *mutton fat*! (He loathed it.)

I once had a relation of whom I was very fond. But does she in my imagination stand close beside me when I meet sweetness and the more gracious social arts? She *doesn't*! From the shades she suddenly springs to life as I am cutting the string round a parcel. (She herself used to spend hours unravelling knots rather than use scissors.) Do we think of Nelson when we think of the Navy? No! We think of him when we see a man with a black patch over his eye and one arm missing. Shall we, years hence, immediately "see" Mr. Churchill when we remember the threat of invasion at the beginning of the Second-War-to-end-war. Likely we *shan't*! We shall be reminded of him every time we see a big cigar.

I once knew a fond and faithful Relict who could gaze on her husband's Presentation Portrait dry-eyed, but felt a lump come into her throat every time she saw a sausage (he doted upon sausages)! I myself, though I like to imagine that I shall be most lovingly remembered for what I *think* I am—handsome, tender to women and to dogs, long-suffering and kind—will, I suspect, be nearest to fond memory when carrots are on the menu!

Not, of course, that it matters very much by what you are remembered, so long as something or other brings you suddenly back to the hearts which once throbbed in unison with your own. The

By Richard King

queer fact is that such  
absurd things are apt to  
jog that remembrance.

Beauty, greatness, nobility and courage have to be recollected by force, but some homely and perhaps silly idiosyncrasy jumps into the memory without invitation. Within our hearts we are fonder of St. Paul because he was a "bit of a lad" before he began writing Epistles. And so it is in life itself. A man can more easily remember the day when, greatly daring, he wrote a rude verse on the school lavatory wall than the day when he won a scholarship. And the memory of a pink dress will often be more vivid in an elderly woman's dream of long-ago than the funeral of Queen Victoria, to which she was escorted as a reluctant child.

How often we say to ourselves, "Now why on earth should I remember that?"—when, by its utter triviality, it should have been forgotten as soon as done? Again, how often we say to ourselves, "Now I must recollect that for future use"—and forget it almost on the instant? Often have I sat at the feet of a non-agenarian and begged for her description of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, only to be fobbed off with a description of long drawers!

There must be some psychological reason for the fact that certain events, quite trivial in themselves, are remembered when far more important affairs become a dim blur in the mind. It has its comforting side, of course. For if the ghost of ourselves does not suddenly appear in the visual memory of those we now love when Heroes are afoot, there is always a chance that they may seek a handkerchief when someone close at hand emits a bronchial cough.





### Celebrating France's Liberation

The Princess Royal was received by Lord Bessborough, President of the Institut Français, South Kensington, at a special reception held there to celebrate the liberation of France, and to meet M. René Massigli (right), the new French Ambassador



Here is Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, with Mr. George Hall, M.P., and Sir Malcolm and Lady Robertson at the reception at the French Institute



Right: Three hard-working helpers at the very successful Aid to China Grand Fair and Gift Sale, held a short time ago at the Hyde Park Hotel, were the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ryder, Lady Teviot and Lady Peto

## London Newsreel

### Selling Toys for China

People at the World Premiere of "The Climax," at the Odeon Cinema, London



Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of Imperial General Staff, and Lady Brooke



The King and Queen of Yugoslavia and Sir Frank Newson-Smith, Lord Mayor of London



Lady Shakespeare, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and the King of Greece



Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham and Lady Cunningham



The Marquess and Marchioness of Reading



Capt. Guy Lambert, Col. Sir Eric Crankshaw, Marie Marchioness of Willington, Lady Spicer and Archduke Robert of Austria

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

victory in the Grand National in 1938, when still only in his early teens.

## "The Climax" at the Odeon

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS had another of her successes on November 2nd, when, as Chairman of the premiere of the Technicolor film *The Climax*, with Sir Frank Newson-Smith, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rank, she received the Kings of Greece and Yugoslavia at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Y.W.C.A. Last-minute total, as we go to press, is nearly £4000, and contributions are still coming in.

Queen Alexandra, who was with her young husband, was looking lovely in black velvet and mink. A nasty attack of flu prevented her mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece, from coming. King George of the Hellenes brought a stag party.

The Corps Diplomatique were there in force. I saw the Chinese Ambassador, just back from America, with Mme. Wellington Koo, and near them the Icelandic and Nepalese Ministers. Others I picked out in the crowd were Marie Lady Willingdon, Lord and Lady Plender, Capt. Leonard Plugge and Sir Alan and Lady Brooke. Mrs. Eve Rennie-O'Mahoney, whose well-known school, Dunluce, is still evacuated to Plas Machynlleth, Lord Londonderry's Welsh seat in Montgomeryshire, was in a large party. Mr. and Mrs. Rank held court in the foyer upstairs. Their daughter Sheila was escorted by red-haired Corporal Spyros Skouras, junior, the son of the President of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Two absentees for whom there were many enquiries were Mr. John Davis, Mr. Rank's right-hand man, away in Canada, and Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys, who is in India to advise the Government on medical services. His wife made a radiant figure in a long white jewelled gown and blue scarf as she stood in the spotlight on the stage afterwards to thank Mr. Rank and all her splendid helpers.

Although this is his first visit to India, Sir Weldon has strong associations there. His ancestor, the Chevalier de l'Etang, who served with the East India Company in the nineteenth century, is buried at Buxar. Over his heart lies a miniature of Marie Antoinette. His allegiance and lifetime devotion to the ill-fated Queen started when, at thirteen years old, he became her page. She was just fifteen; she arrived in Paris as the bride of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI.

## First Night

ONE of the smartest first-night audiences since the war attended the revival of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* at the Apollo Theatre, with John Clements and Kay Hammond in the roles created by the author and Gertrude Lawrence. Many more women were wearing dinner-gowns, and everyone seemed to have allowed themselves the luxury of "dressing-up" for the occasion.

Kay Hammond's mother, Lady Standing, and brother, Michael (of the B.B.C.), were in the stalls; and so were Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Inchcape and Terence Rattigan, who was sitting between Anthony Asquith and Lady Colefax. Sir Louis and Lady Stirling (without whom no first-night audience is complete), and Val Gielgud, who brought Clémence Dane, were in the front row. One of the most decorative women present was Mrs. John Clements; another was Heather Thatcher, recently back from America, and escorted by Lt.-Cdr. "Kim" Peacock. Romilly Cavan, the novelist, whose first play, *I'll See You Again*, comes to London soon, was with her husband, Guy Hiscock. Noel Coward watched the play—and the audience—from a box. With him were Mrs. Calthrop and Capt. Garson Kanin, the author of the Broadway hit, *Over Twenty-one*.



Five at a Christening in London

Ian Patrick Lowson, seen here with his parents and sisters, was christened in St. Paul's Cathedral on November 6th. He is the baby son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, and a nephew of Lord Strathcarron. The two little girls are Gay Ann and Melanie Fiona Louisa Lowson, aged respectively six and four

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

brother, and Mr. R——, an English gentleman, was bound on a hunting expedition across the continent." Of "the Captain," I, at least, grew extremely fond (he is not unlike a character out of *Tom Jones*).

Horses, game, tense moments and alternately sombre and smiling space. . . . It is hard to define the pleasure *The Oregon Trail* gave me. Incidentally, I can think of no better book for family reading aloud in the Christmas holidays, for there should be something in it for everyone.

## Length

"GREEN DOLPHIN COUNTRY," by Elizabeth Goudge (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), demands notice, for this, the work of an Englishwoman, has gained the Louis B. Mayer prize of £30,000 as being the best novel of the year published in the United States. I admit I was biased against this novel by its extreme length: I simply do not feel that it is necessary for any novel to be so long—unless, of course, it contains a diversity of characters and (as did those of our great Victorians) an elaborate system of inter-knit plots. In this case, the story of William, Marianne and Marguerite, and their simple triangle situation could, surely, have been told in fewer words. It is true *Green Dolphin Country* embraces almost the entire lives of the three, whom we meet as children and salute, on the last page, as old people more or less reconciled to life.

I should say that this was a novel with good ingredients, but that these had been watered down by too much prose. Miss Goudge is capable of nice, sharp-edged phrases, which bring a face, scene or character into the necessary prominence. But, alas, these often also have the effect of rendering quite unnecessary the paragraphs in which they are embedded. . . . Still, many people—Americans, I think, in particular—like very long novels. They feel that they, as readers, are carrying home good value, and they also feel that the sheer bulk of the book denotes laudable industry on the part of the author. Industry, yes, perhaps—concentration, no. And is not concentration the soul of effective writing? Without (I hope) ingratitude, I would suggest that Miss Goudge could have afforded to blue-pencil three out of every five of her lines, and that by so doing she would have left her likeable characters and promising plot clearer, rather than less clear, to the reader's mind.

*Green Dolphin Country* differs from most best-selling outsize novels in one particular: most of these are sustained by what we (reviewers) call powerful sex interest. *Green Dolphin Country* is, it is true, a love-story—two sisters love the same man, who loves one of them but has to marry the other—but it contains not a passage that could have brought a blush to the Victorian maiden's cheek. I say "Victorian" advisedly, as maidens' cheeks in our own time do not change colour easily.

The story opens in Guernsey, the childhood home of William Ozanne, doctor's son, and of the Le Patourel sisters. It then moves to New Zealand, where William, as an inadvertent deserter from the Navy, makes good, and is joined by Marianne, unconscious that she is the wrong bride. Marguerite remains in Guernsey and becomes a nun. William and Marianne return to Guernsey, where the story ends. The opening chapters are set in the 1840's; in the New Zealand parts we have the Maori wars. That Miss Goudge has not herself been to New Zealand (as she disarmingly tells us in her Foreword) need not, I think, have mattered: the actual trouble is that her Maoris, like everyone else in the novel, take so long getting going. But, of course, it is unfortunate (for it may make me unfair) that I should have happened to read about them in the same week in which I read about the *Oregon Trail* Red Indians.

## Fashion

"LONDON WEST" (The Studio, Ltd.; 15s.) is a delightful picture that war has brought to a stop. Francis Marshall, who wrote and illustrated it, is well known as the fashion artist of *Vogue*. He is, in fact, I think, among those fine draughtsmen who enjoy the distinction of having created a type—Oscar Wilde spoke of nature following art; and I ask myself whether so many women would now look—in features, figure and attitudes—so like Francis Marshall drawings had he never taken the pencil up.

To his sketches of parties, restaurants, bars, foyers on theatre first-nights and before film premieres, dress-shows, indoor and outdoor functions of our late London seasons, and aspects of the Coronation, Mr. Marshall has added brief, witty comments. Also, we have his notes on his own profession—not least, on the difficulties of capturing, with his pencil, brilliant life on the move. Most of *London West* deals with the glamorous "thirties"; but some sketches of wartime gaieties (not excluding impromptu entertainments during the blitzes) round it off. Mostly, Mr. Marshall writes, as it were, historically, but his "nows" and "nowadays" are, now and then, misleading—cruelly so when (as on p. 67) he writes about scent.

## Good Cause, Good Value

"THE TOC H GIFT BOOK," edited and compiled by Hilda Hughes, has been published by Frederick Muller at 8s. 6d., and is on sale in aid of War Service Clubs. Tubby Clayton writes the opening Message, the Lady Tweedsmuir the Foreword. Miss Hughes leads off with observations on the short story, to which the excellence of her bill of fare gives point. Her contributors, all distinguished, are too many to name here—among them are Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Algernon Blackwood, Sylvia Thompson, Clémence Dane, the Lady Cynthia Asquith, Mary Borden and J. B. Priestley.





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Photographs by  
Dormer Cole





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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THIS story comes from *Time to Laugh* (Partridge Publications):—

The Glasgow Rangers and Celtic football match is always an event to stir the emotions of the crowd, and the rivalry between the two supporting sides runs very high. The Protestant v. Catholic element is an important factor in the matter. At one match a spectator loudly cheered when Celtic scored, and threw his cap in the air. Later, when Rangers scored, he likewise expressed his delight. This conduct was extremely puzzling to two spectators, and one volunteered to ask the reason.

"Here," he asked, "which side are you supposed to be supporting?"

"Oh!" replied the other, "I'm not supporting any side. I'm just here to enjoy the game."

Whereat the questioner returned to his friend and explained: "H'm, a ruddy atheist."

A VERY old judge, known for the speed with which he disposed of cases, was asked by a friend to explain.

"I always listen to plaintiff, and then I make my decision."

"You never listen to the defendant?"

"Well, I did at first, but I found out it confused me."

THE younger of the two brothers was the brains of the business, and it was a shock to them when he was ordered to present himself for medical examination at the nearest recruiting depot.

James, the elder brother, accompanied George when he went for his examination, and waited anxiously in the next room. Presently George reappeared, his face aglow with excitement.

"Hooray!" he cried.

"Our business is saved! I've only got one lung!"

A STORY from America:—

An English major, a member of one of the British missions to the United States, is surprised at the number of cocktail parties he is invited to in Washington, and the variety of blunt and sometimes not bright questions which are asked him. At one such soiree he was being grilled about conditions in England, and found himself pinned down by a number of dowagers, one of whom presently asked: "Ah, yes, major, but what about the privileged classes in England?"

With no perceptible change of face, the major answered: "Madam, are you speaking of your countrymen? At the present time the Americans are the only privileged class in England."

A WELL-KNOWN musician was staying in the village, and one evening, while taking a walk, fell in with some rustics on their way home from choir practice. He asked one of them what music they had been practising.

"Handel," he was told.

"But I should have thought you'd find Handel rather difficult," the musician remarked.

"No, not so very, sir," one of the villagers replied. "You see, we alters him!"

TWO drunks were in a New York night club bar. The first one said: "D'you know that a female crocodile laysh 179 eggsh?"

"One hundred and seventy-nine eggsh?" the other shrugged. "Who cares?"

"D'you know," continued the first, "that the male crocodile eatsh up 178 of thoshe eggsh?"

"Eatsh up 178 of thoshe eggsh?" said the second. "Who cares?"

"You care," said the first, "cause if he didn't you'd be hip-deep in crocodiles."

THE two following stories come from *Time to Laugh*, by Maurice McLoughlin and John Cameron:—

Two giraffes were strolling amiably along in the veldt. After a while, one of them turned to the other, saying: "Just bend down and see if it's still raining. If not, we might as well have something to eat."

A MAN had been looking at a car in a motor salesroom, but did not make a decision on the spot. The next day he turned up again and stated that he had decided to buy the car.

"That's fine," said the salesman. "Now tell me, what was the one dominating thing that made you buy the car?"

The man grinned. "My wife," he replied.

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### The P.B.P.

THE poor British public is so pushed about by the conflicting forces of propaganda that it can take its place beside the infantry as being perpetually in a state of being sat upon. I do not know whether the P.B.P. or the P.B.I. is the more deserving of sympathy. After having been told repeatedly and in the loudest tones that the German air force was all but extinct; after hearing for five years that in every aerial battle Allied losses were far less than German; after being informed that the Germans were short of oil, and of pilots, the P.B.P. was suddenly told that more than four hundred German fighters engaged American bombers and fighters in one of the biggest, if not the biggest, aerial battles of the war.

No one seemed to think that members of the public would inquire how a force that had been so much destroyed could put up more than four hundred machines, or at least no one seemed to raise the point in the newspapers or in the official statements. Yet that the public is not quite such a fool as the propagandists think was shown by the remark of a man who was reading the story in the train. He said that the fact of the air battle was proof of the inaccuracy of the official assessments of enemy aircraft brought down.

### Success or Failure

I CAN never understand why, in air warfare bulletins, it is never permissible to admit a failure. In the bulletins dealing with land fighting the loss of a position may be admitted; but in the air every operation is always a success. One can read through the official communiqués and bulletins without finding a single suggestion that everything did not go entirely well. I believe that almost the only confession of failure was made by Squadron Leader Strachey in a broadcast. He referred to a bombing attack by the R.A.F. that had failed. I was so aghast to hear this

admission that I turned up the official reports of the operation. They not only did not mention failure, but they strongly suggested complete success.

One gets bored if one does not get suspicious of reports in which the enemy always loses more aircraft than we lose. An ordinary reader might be excused for thinking that the German air force had been obliterated. But the ordinary reader takes what he reads with a grain of salt. I wonder if that grain of salt pleases those who write and whether they are satisfied in having everything they put in print discounted. If they are not they will have to consider just how much they will in future accept of official versions of events.

### Firefly

THE thing that interested me about the Firefly—when at long last mention of it was permitted—was not the weird wing-folding movements, or the cannon, or the Youngman flaps, but the tactical background. This has resulted in the resumption of the Fulmar idea of the two-seater doing a single-seater job. The Firefly carries an observer-navigator but he has no gun, and the pilot does the fighting with his four forward-firing cannon. The observer-navigator is carried because combat over the sea is a wild and whirling business (as it is over the land) and therefore tends to cause the pilot to forget where he is.

A pilot who worries about his position and the way the combat is drifting, is going to be a bad combat pilot. He should be freed from all such worries and should be able to concentrate on the fight. In the Firefly he is able to do this because there is another



George Cross for a Canadian

Air Cdre. Arthur Ross, R.C.A.F., who comes from Winnipeg, received the George Cross from the King at a recent investiture, for his heroism in rescuing the pilot and rear gunner of a burning bomber which had crashed into another aircraft loaded with bombs

man behind him whose duty it is to watch the general movement of the aircraft and to be in a position to give a bearing for the return flight to the carrier without delay. I understand that the introduction of the Seafire had killed this idea of the navigator-observer in a fighter; but the Firefly proves that it still flourishes. Whether this idea will prevail in the face of the improved Seafires and of such high performance single-seat aircraft as the Corsair remains to be seen.

### Chicago

CHICAGO began with a setback—the withdrawal of Russia from the conference; but at the time of writing there appears to be rather more hope of a useful outcome. It is clear, however, that with the Soviet Union out of the conference, talk about international agreements is somewhat hollow. I have a feeling that Britain is taking a too-restricted view; is holding on too much to the old idea of sovereignty of the air.

Eire has, strangely enough, given a lead which is worthy of notice. She has thrown open an airport to the use of the airlines of the world. I wonder if Great Britain would really lose anything (and her official spokesmen seem to think that she would lose much) if she threw open half a dozen big airports for international use without restriction. There seems to be too much pettiness about the British approach to these matters. We will not make the position any better for British aircraft by taking the small view. Restrictionism never pays in a new thing like aviation. The large view and the fullest freedom for all would be a better line to take. Perhaps by the time these notes appear we shall know how near our official spokesmen have come to taking this line.



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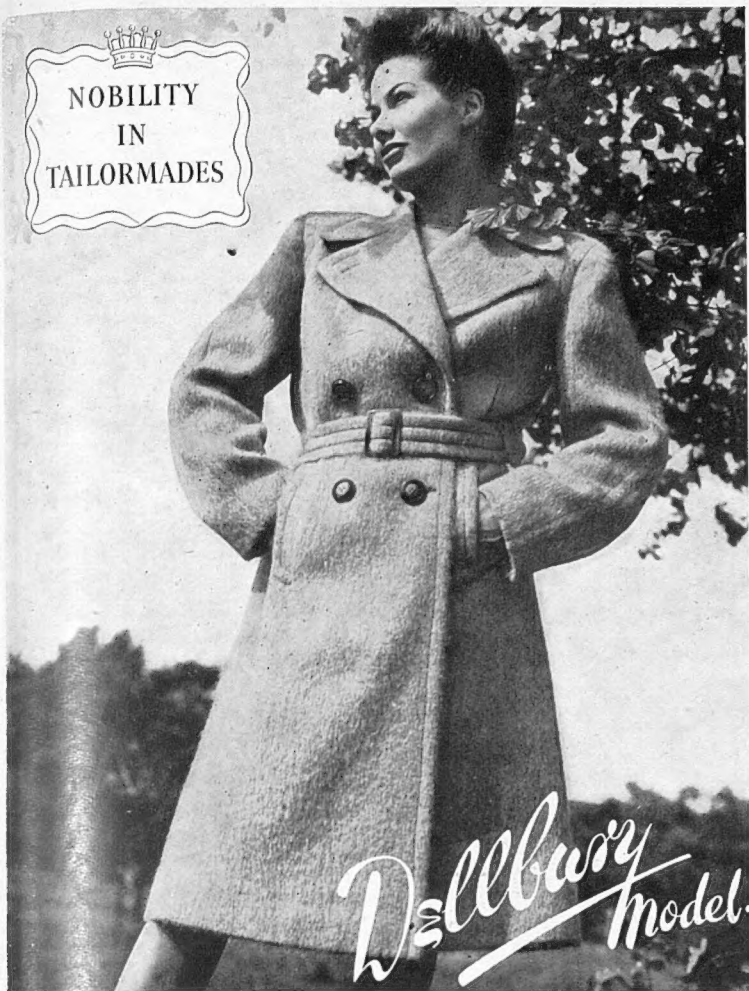
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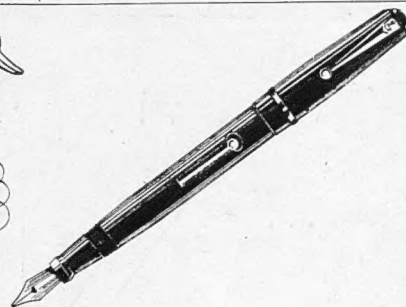
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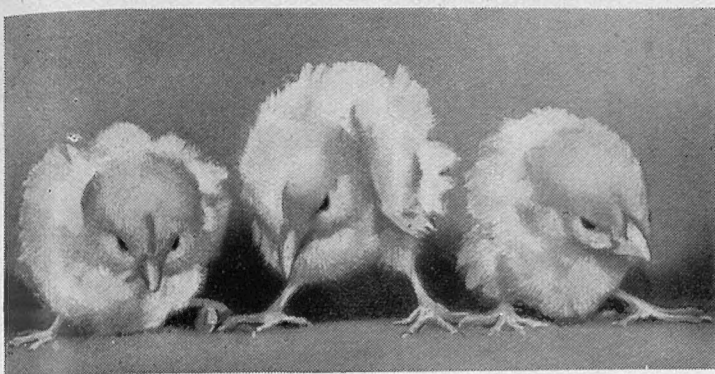
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